22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

8th March 1904

My Violet

Should you mind being bothered with a horrid job? I must get some clothes. Could you buy for me anywhere stuff to make 2 blouses: one thin, sort of muslin or something: one thicker - black. & send the stuff to this address

E. Clarke.
35. Green Street
Chelsea. S.W.

I think they might be spotted or striped or something not quite plain. Oh Lor I should love it if

You were to ask me to do this kind
of job! I don't know how many
yards one wants. The shop would know.
Would you pay out of this cheque?

George has gone back - which is
though I am a brute to say so, a
relief. He never left me alone a
moment. Very well meant, but
overcome. I begin to dread our
joint household - but it can't be
helped. Nessie & Hoby & I get on
very well together. It is so odd
being alone, for the first time in
our lives.

It poured all yesterday. Today

Thoby has gone for hunting on foot.
His energy is marvellous.

My ring has come back - but it
is very disappointing. The man
says I have ruined the stone. It is
rather a better colour but full of
odd cracks, & marks, as it was before.
They must be in the Emerald itself.
I don't know what to do, as it
is a bit like what it was when
he gave it to me — & yet I
don't like having a new stone put.
I think I must though. Waters
says he has done everything possible.

Love V.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Manchester
March 16th

My Robt,

We come back late on Saturday. I suppose Ger will be at the Cottage. Thoby has an exam: on Monday, I think. I must say I shall be rather glad to get back— why I dont know. This place is really beautiful, but the nature of the beast is perverse. Dreen came down yesterday, & we have now decided that he can easily go with us for the first 3 weeks. He stays on here alone to work, & then we shall all go out together. I

Expect Sera will find it more
convenient on the whole to go alone -
five gay is too large a party to
be luxurious. Adrian is wildly
excited already - talks of nothing but
Venice & gondolas - This is the right
spirit. You can't think how amicable
we all are together - like husband &
wife, more than anything else - & the
odd thing is we don't get bored at all,
but go our own ways, & meet fresh &
cheerful. I am reading & working
& have almost finished a Greek
tragedy in the last few days - & that
is what I call despatch! Lesa

Lay made a really good little picture of
Rhoby Lilling by the window, reading.
It is very clever, & alive I think.
Now we are all going out for a
Lovely walk along the cliff to show
Dion the beauties of the place.
We saw Choughs & Ravens the other day,
climbing up rocks to get at them,
& rolling about in the maddest way.
Our only excitement has been the
Death of the washerwoman! as she
stood at her tub. The village
thought there ought to be an inquest, but
didn't know how to begin: the doctor -
policeman arrived separately from
neighbouring villages, & refused to do anything

without the other. So finally the village determined on its own about that death was due to natural causes, & have just buried her, going past the window in the oddest way. The first 6 rows of mourners hold black edged handkerchiefs to their eyes, or mouths. they weren't crying, & the rest look fairly cheerful. Isn't it barbaric? As soon as night the whole village turned out to watch, & last night the young men who have nice soft voices sang a keyan under our windows.

My Ring has certainly improved since it came back: it still has cracks & flaws in it if you look into it, but the general effect is rather beautiful, & I shant anyhow change it.

I had a beautiful letter from Fred Maitland this morning: almost the only one I have had worth keeping. Ld A.S.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Thursday night.

My Rover

I must write for my last
intelligible line, because I know
it won't be possible in Venice —
I only hope you are having a good
time, that Crum doesn't worry you —
as I do. I wish I didn't exhaust you
over my affairs, but you can't think
what a relief it is to have some one —
that is you, because there isn't any one
else — to talk to. You

must not think that I always feel
as I do some times. I know that
I was really wrong: it had to be -
but I can't bear to think of his
loneliness, & that I might have
helped, & didn't. If he had
only lived I could have made up -
I think he just knew how much I
cared, & the happy time was just
beginning - & now it is all over -
That is what seems so cruel. If
I could only tell him once — but
it's no use writing it. But

we have been very happy together,
My Violet – it is a help even to
write this to you –

Keep well, & come out as
soon as you can, & don't worry
about me, because I have a
faculty for turning my mind
on to other things. I never stay
long in one mood. Besides
I know that Father was happy at
the end, if only he could have
lived. People don't believe it, but
I know he wanted to go on living,
just as a young man does –

Good bye My Violet
write me a few beautiful little letters
all about this & that & they be! Ever XXS

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

My Violet

My ~~&~~ plate would be empty
without your letters. Of Course
Come to lunch on Tuesday. I suppose
we are to spend next week in a
dreary whirlpool of shops & dentists.
I shall my eyes & trust to luck to
land me safe somehow & some time at
Venice. Great travelling enthusiasm
has seized us. We spend our evenings
following impossible routes with our fingers
across the map - all wish to go
different ways. The difficulty

S.W.

song to be sexual: however I let that slide with the rest. We are to travel through Good Friday - Somehow Sexuality began never did make part of the Venetian foreground I have in my mind!

NYPL

That scrap of Beatrice is characteristic: that is her great merit - never does or says anything quite as other people do. Did he She mean that she couldn't write us banalities, or Son?

I never seemed to realize that Son were still to let Manchester St - Shows what a Egoist (as Kathy would say)

I am. But for God's sake don't get carried away to Chelsea or Kensington. Kelly already screams against Bloomsbury. I don't think Nessa much minds — or thinks that a certain distance from Montpelier is a drawback to her friendships. After all, I besieged you (if I can) at Manchester Street. That I always hold up as the type of an adventurous expedition — North Pole nothing to it!

I had a letter from Nelly too: but I shan't make much of a job in that quarter. And now Hester is kept to us: who can you find me to flirt with?

I find the Country a good place to work in. I have really finished quite a lot. So has Nessa.

Now we have to look for rooms for Dickon: his landlady has just had a Baby, and which will be a source of interest to him. He is domestic.

Oh dear what a world it is!

I keep thinking I shall find father at home – & what I shall tell him – I wonder how we go on as we do, as merry as grigs all day long –

G. M.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dear Nicholson

Would you be an angel & help
your niece in their last
crisis - which is forth-
coming for five hrs a night
last, & a bone, & we want
help him tomorrow. If this
is impossible send him on
with the message to Hyde
Park Gate.

A.S.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dear Violet,

Of course come any time – dinner tea, lunch.

Mrs. L. asks for articles. I hope you didn't drop a hint?

A mercy to see you in this wrong world.

Just off to work.

Yr HGW.